

previously Grail Research diary THE PAPER OF RECORD

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"A scepter is one thing, and a ladle another"

17'S A DOG, SIR, A SMALL COLLIE

WELL the wheel spins and it's September again, and like a fallen tree that will soon fill up with pillbugs and fungus, or a fox corpse ballooning and deflating as it gets digested by bacteria, the passing of another summer / year kicks out a buzzed flurry of industrial activity, combination eager / whatever. The kids return to school, new seasons begin on television, and fashion designers display their new looks for the coming year. One by one:

THE KIDS RETURN TO SCHOOL

Vacation is so awesome but also "the regular year" is insane... when I was a kid in school I'd daydream about what I'd be doing if I wasn't in school, and it was always nearly identical to my daydream "what is a raccoon doing right now?" (but with less "licking of self"). I was fascinated by the idea "a regular day"- if kids are at school and adults are at work, why are stores open? Assuming all work is basically "a store", who is going to the stores? An incredible third class of person, neither kid nor adult (closer to a racoon)? To all children: basically everything that exists does so because someone broke a rule / there's something outside the rule. To all children: there a lot that's good in human life that exists on the line between humanity and raccoons: looking at trash, making noise, stripes, masks, trees, being very still, being upside down, dexterity, intelligence, and peeing on things. The return to normalcy concept is the melancholy lie of September weirdness. Is it neccessary? I don't know, I'm just a raccoon. Definitely weird though.

NEW SEA SONS OF TELEVISION

JK I'll be in my tree reading Proust. AKA alternating between episodes of Star Trek: The Next Generation and Magnum PI.

NEW FASHIONS

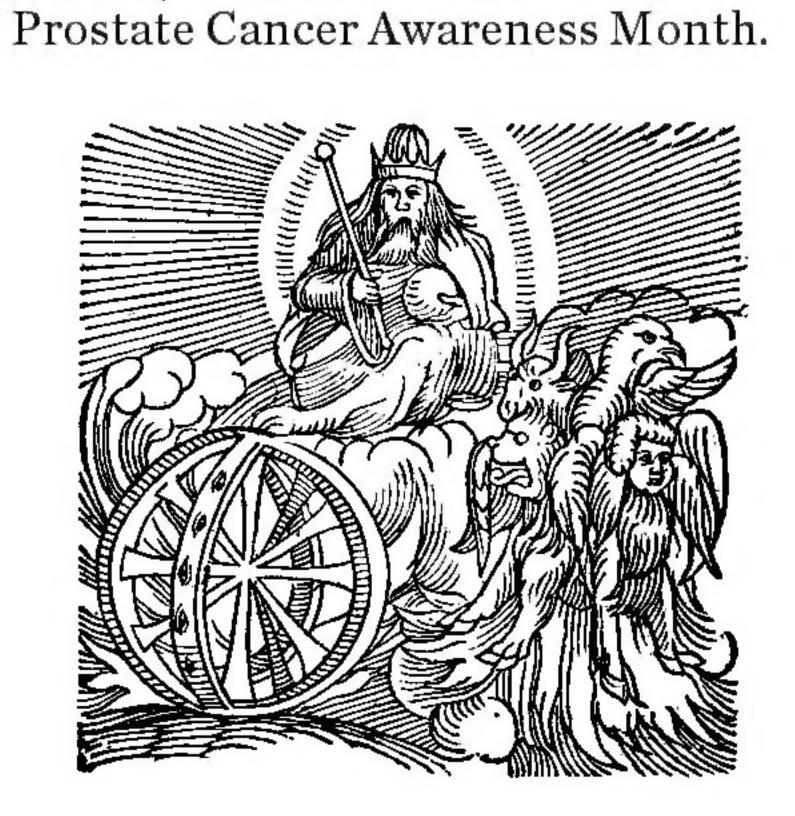
My prediction is that we'll be seeing more stripes, trash, noise, masks, trees, stillness, upside down stuff, dexterity, intelligence, and peeing on stuff. Well, probably not stripes-- stripes don't really make sense now that our primary habitat isn't young trees and/or long grasses... I don't know, something confusing...

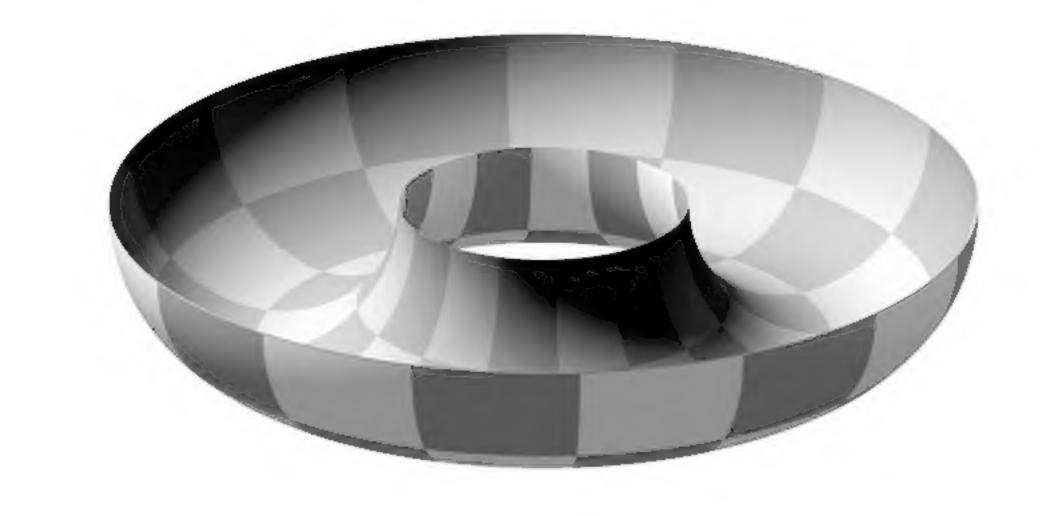
FOOTBALL

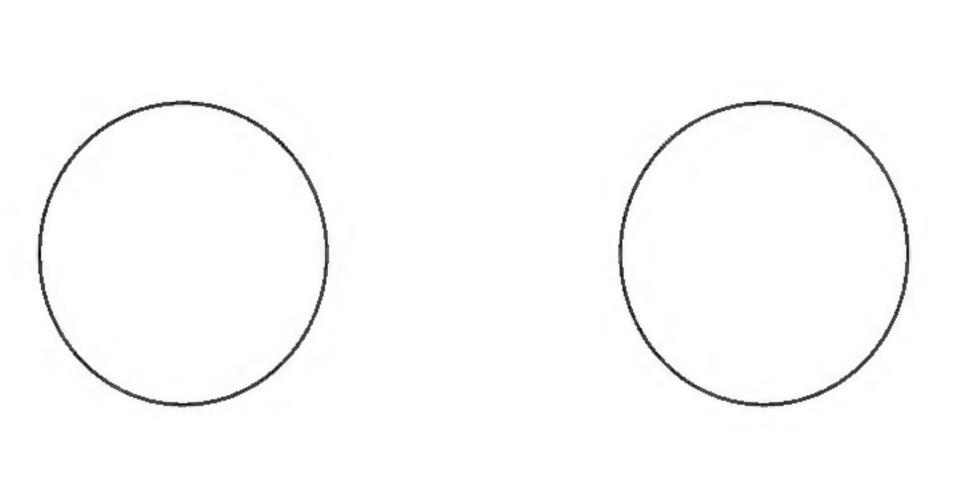
Speaking of things that are confusing, American football (herafter called simply "football") starts up again in September. I always liked football- I like the shape of the football itself. In geometry a football is a 3 dimensional projection of a shape known as the Vesica Piscis (Latin for "fish bladder")- the intersection of two circles of the same size, such that each circle intersects the centerpoint of the opposite circle. To make a football, you'd have to imagine rotating this shape on an axis through the two pointed ends. or if you picture a sphere with radius R rolling in a circle on a track with radius R/2, then a football is the 3 dimensional projection of the glob of spacetime in the center of the track that is always inhabited by this rolling sphere. alternately you could view it as the shape of a donut hole in which the donut has expanded so much that it self-intersects (see diagram). This shape (football) was the dominant UFO shape for the years until the flying saucer took prominence (another structure whose crosssection is the vesica piscis, formed more simply by the intersection of two stationary spheres). Why did it change? Were more people playing Frisbee than football? Were more people eating pies than were smoking cigars? I don't know. Ezekiel's chariot was the original UFO- an intersection between realms, with wheels rolled forwards and sideways. Then the football, then the disk. What's next, a complete sphere? Intersection complete? Or is a UFO not a thing but really just a pattern at the point of intersection between things (in the way that a wave on the ocean isn't a thing but a pattern)? In any event I'd bet that we're stuck on disk for a while... At least until the Age of Aquarius (and the end of the Age of Pisces). Don't know when that's going to be, everyone's got their own idea in that regard... Trying to stay open minded on the subject... Oh, whoops, I guess I have nothing interesting to say about football, no surprise there.

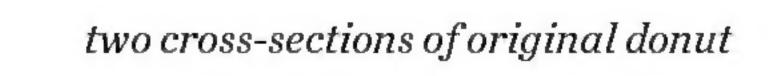
HOLIDAYS IN SEPTEMBER

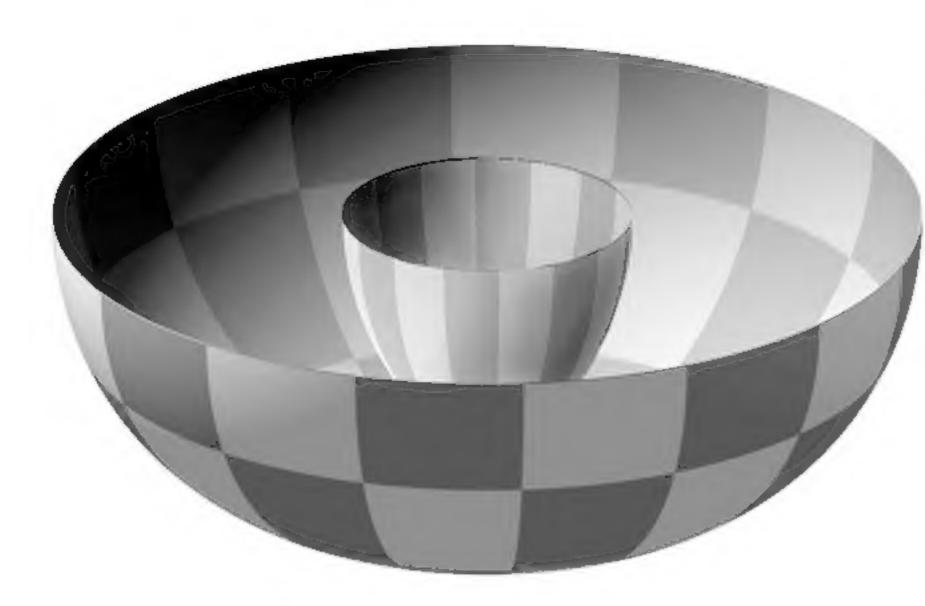
In keeping with the general vibe of the month, holidays in September tend towards "graceful decline"- National Grandparents' Day takes place on the first Sunday after Labor Day in the North America. In Japan, Respect for the Aged Day is a national holiday celebrated on the third Monday of September. In the United States, September is National Preparedness Month, and all the world over it's

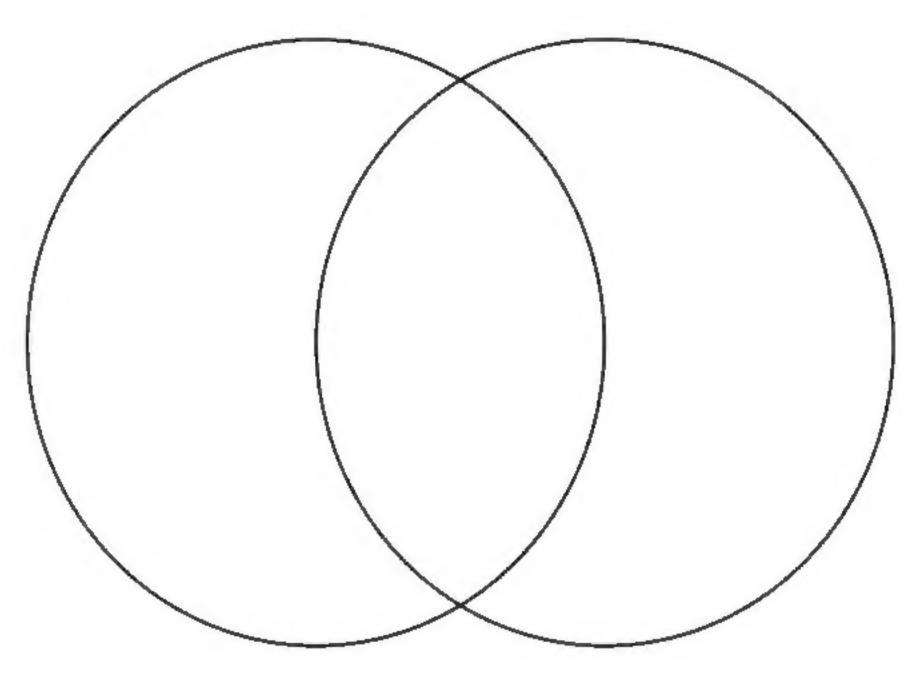




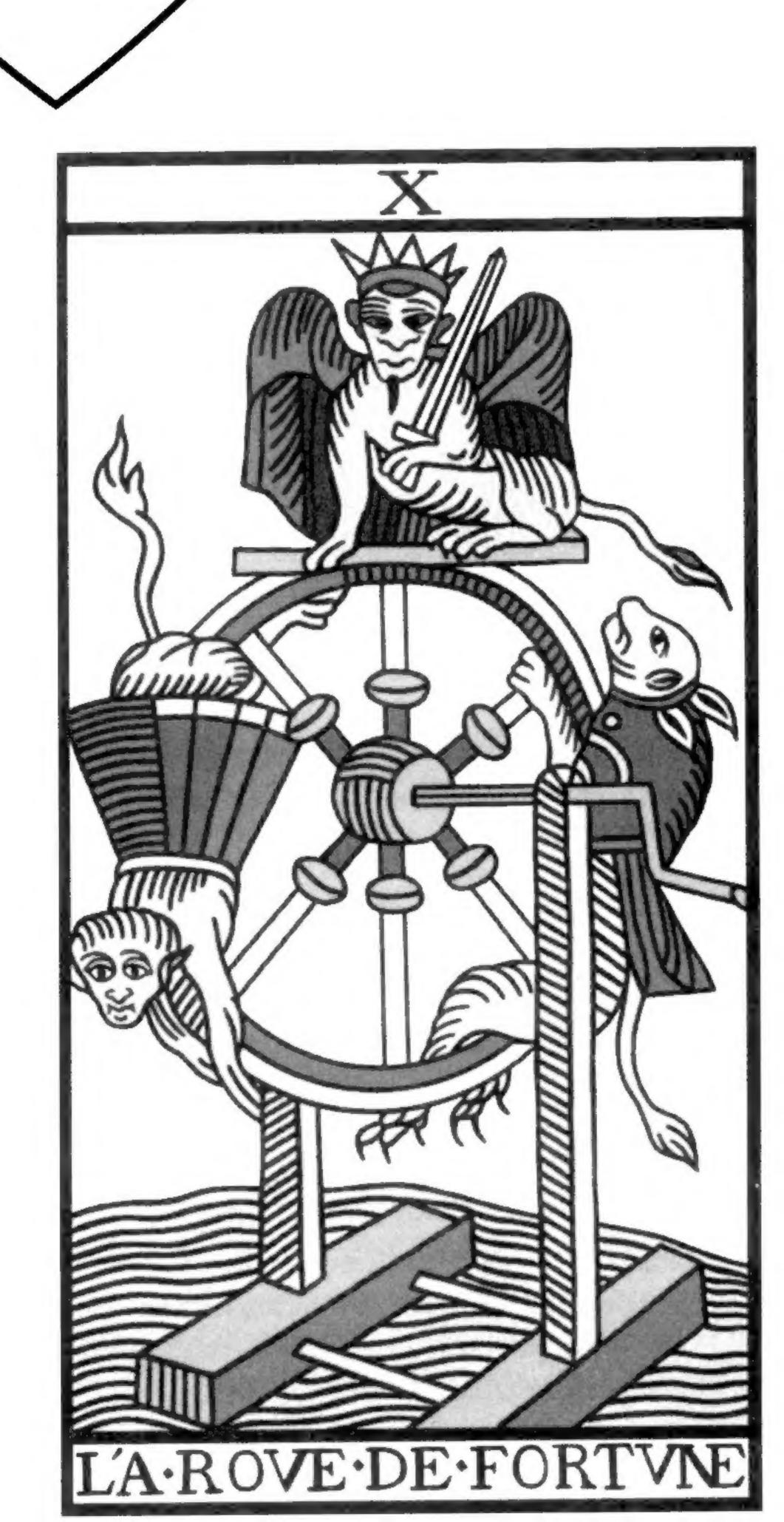


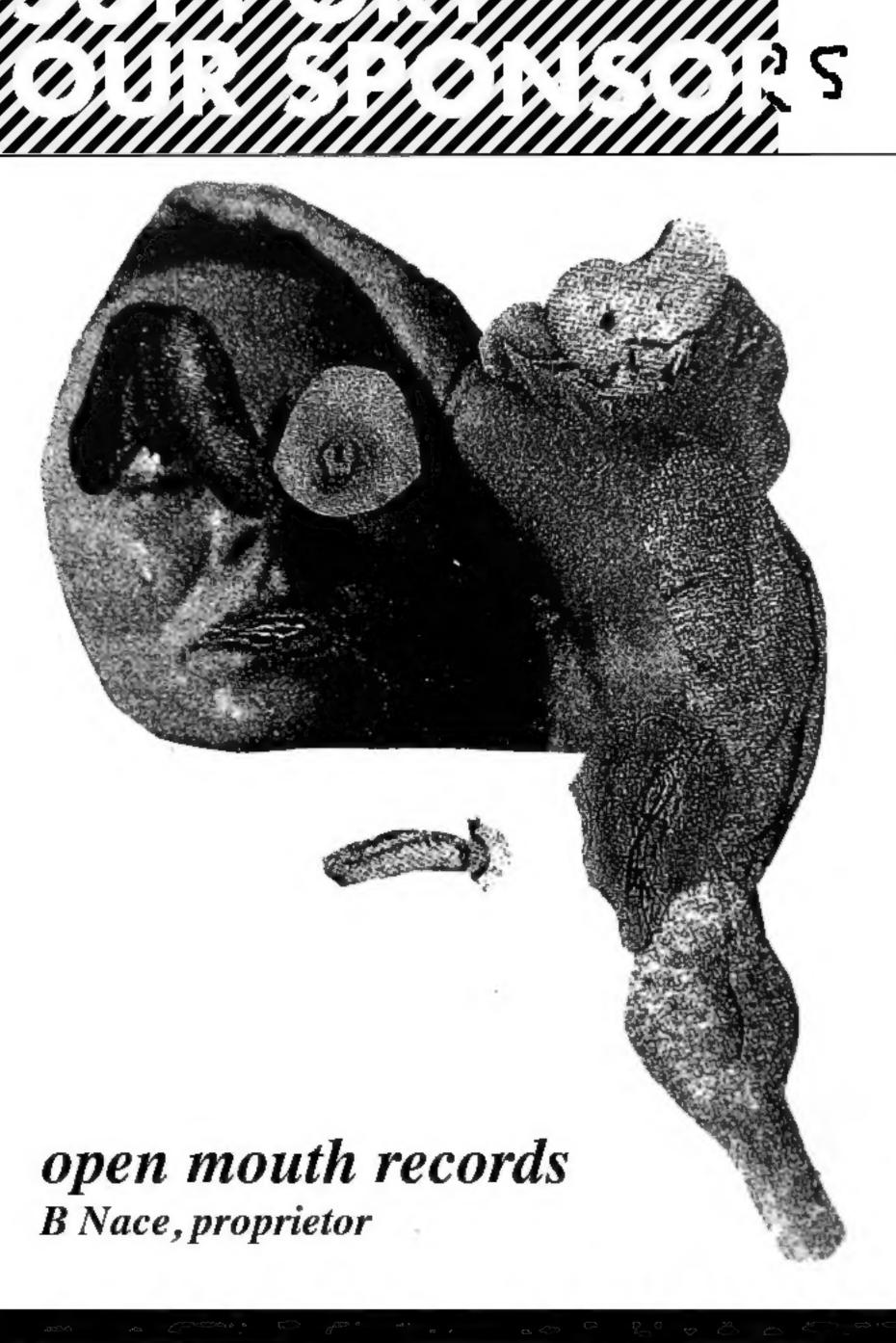


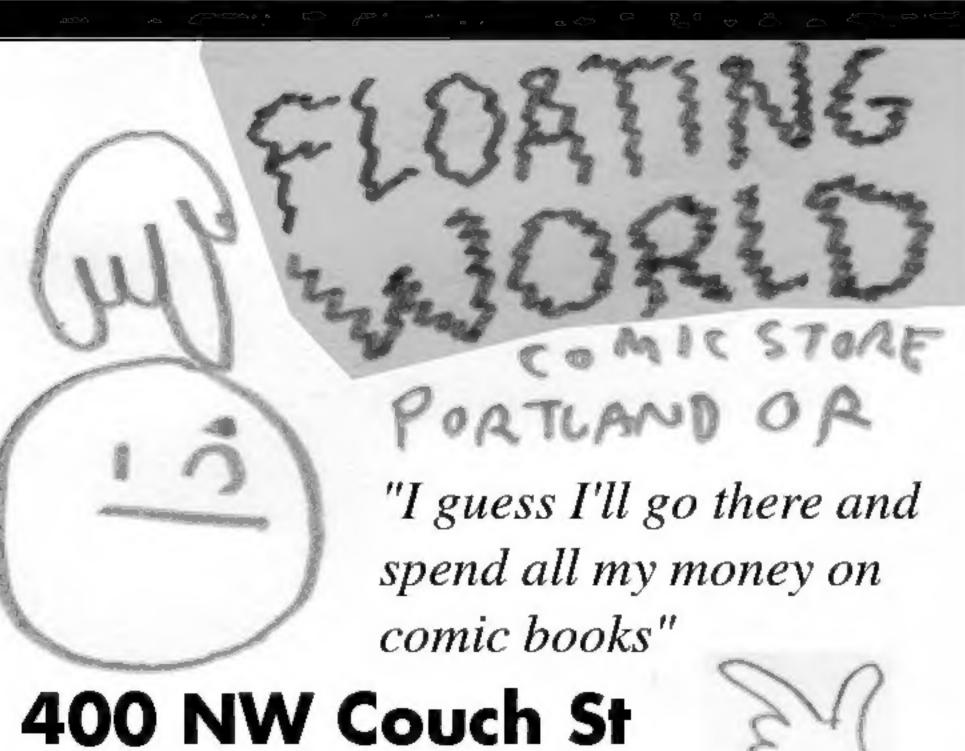




two cross sections of inflated donut with football evident







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This is the last installment of Kathyrn At Camp, because Kathryn is no longer at camp, she's home.

MOTHERS TOPTEN

"in no order"

10. Instant Coffee (beverage) - You can only drink it at work (or while camping) (or if you're in a working- or camping-type situation) and it's clear why there exists both instant coffee and coffee just, but instant coffee is good also.

9. Olympics (event) - I know the Olympics are over but I'm still thinking about them. I watched the person who won gold on the trampoline cry when they won, and you know they're just to go back home to work in a box factory or something. Report back from the Olympics: I love winners when they cry, losers when they try, music when it's good (David Bowie, "Heroes"), and life. Also, speaking as a lifetime New Englander, England: u suck.

8. Materials Research (activity) - This is my new magic spell to use when I'm really really goofing off or just following a thread without knowing where it'll go. "Materials research". Moving a new pen across a page, or pressing every combination of button on a keyboard, even just kicking an empty Gatorade bottle noisily across through a workspace - when you do these things with no preconceived notion, you can mentally file this activity as "materials research", and it always turns up somehow valuable. Although you have to be careful- if you get too close to a goal or idea then you put yourself at risk for the dangerous combination of fucking off and fucking up that we call "fucking out". Materials research is basically the same concept as "pure science" buuuuuuuut look at you, you're not going to get away with calling anything "pure science".

7. Laurie Spiegel (composer) - Wonderful shimmering computer music. Her version of Kepler's "Harmonices Mundi" is the opening track on the "Sounds Of Earth" section of the golden record placed on board the Voyager spacecraft in 1977.

6. Gorgoroth (band) - It's getting cool again (weatherwise), i'm wearing pants and listening to Gorgoroth, getting psyched for Fall! Fun fact: the first singer for Gorgoroth was named "Hat".

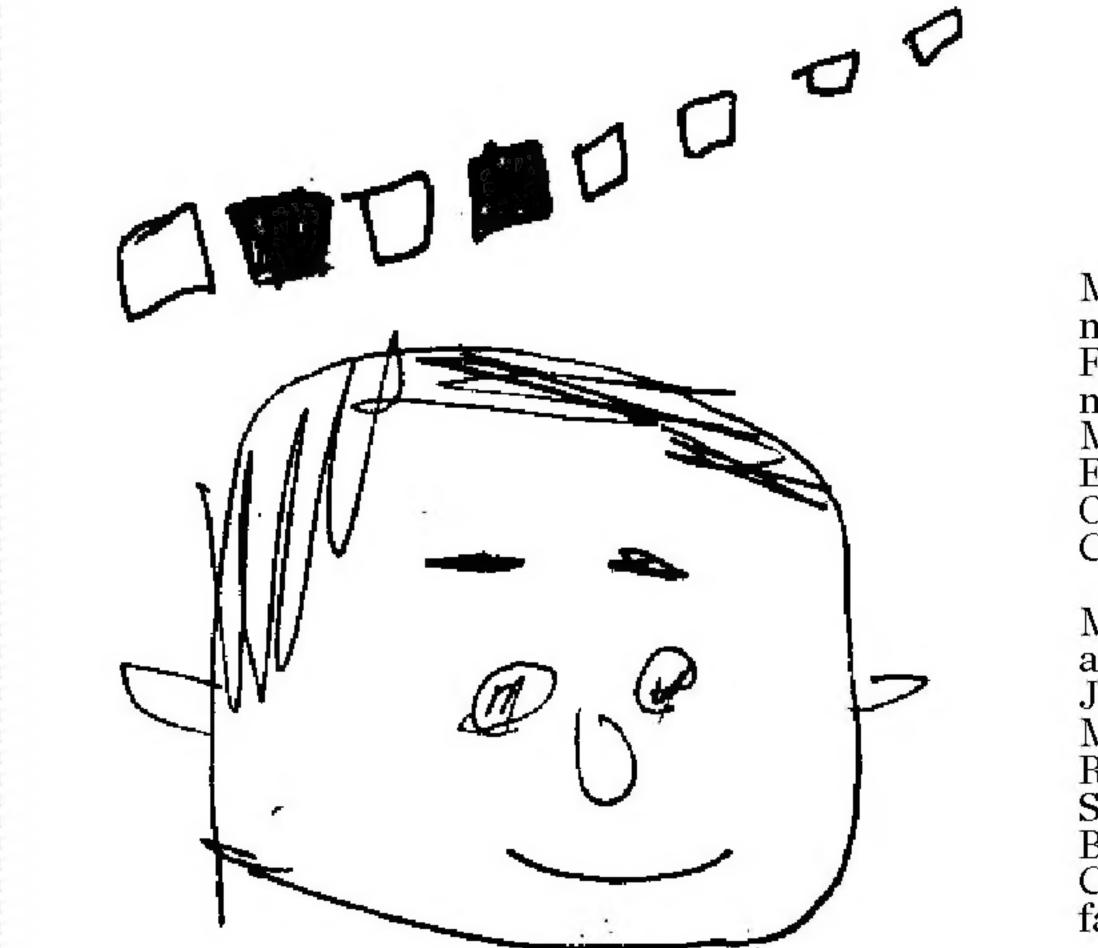
STANDARD STOPPAGE // VISIBLE RENDERING

Line-O-graph)



- 5. Maya Deren (experimental filmmaker)
- 4. Whoever tagged "EROS" behind the Walgreens on Reservoir ave.
- 3. the Shirelles (band)
- 2. Margaret Dumont The great mystery at the center of so many Marx Brothers movies... By all account she did not "get" the jokes, and this nongetting somehow keeps everything in motion / allows everything to move. But how is it this vapid largesse humanly possible?
- 1. Music is the healing force of the universe (song) by Albert Ayler and Mary Maria Parks





THE AMBROSE BIERCE MEMORIAL

by Ambrose Bierce before he died

WORD JUMBLE

NODRAP To remit a penalty and restore to the life of crime

GINAPINT The art of protecting flat surfaces from the weather

KERVWOOR A dangerous disorder affecting public functionaries who want to go fishing

last month's answers:BACCHUS PHILISTINE PAST

 $drawing\ of\ Ambrose\ Bierce\ by\ Sakiko\ Mori$



TINTO'S

INVERTEBRATE OF THE MONTH

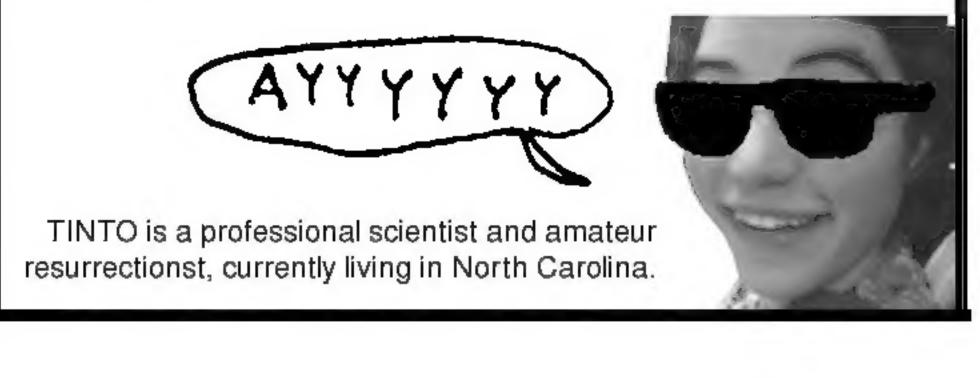
MELOE FRANCISCANUS the blister beetle



ok pretend you're a male bee (Habropoba pallida, preferably).

hey male bee, what does this writhing mass of blister beetle larvae on this flower look like to you? does it look like a nice pretty female bee? a little bit, right? but what does it smell like? smell it. mmmm, pretty? do you want to find it? i think you do. it's ok, go ahead, you can find it.

well now you've got blister beetle larvae all of your bee belly. i guess the only thing you can do now is fly home and accidentally bring them into your nest so they can eat your babies.



OFFICIAL INFO



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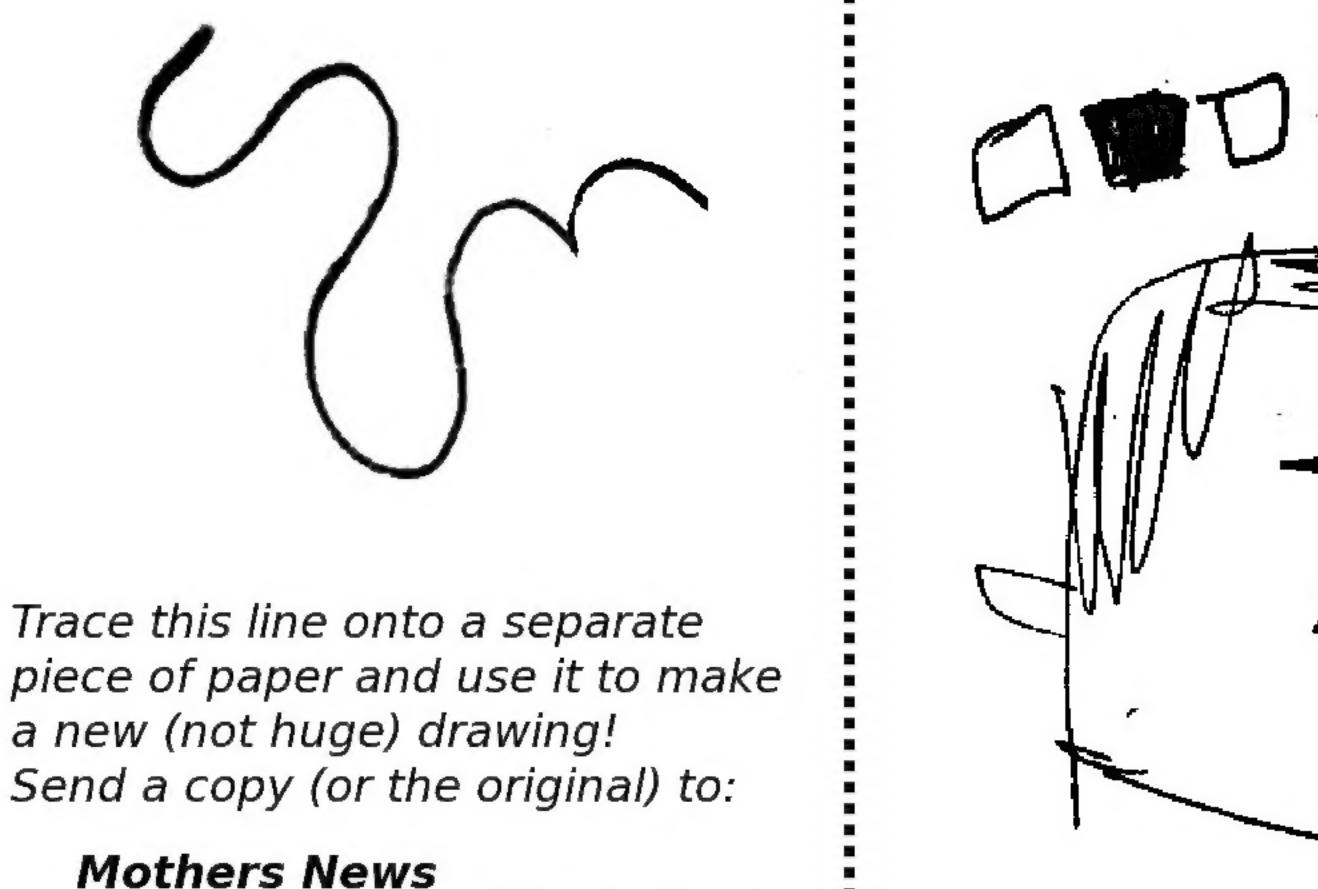
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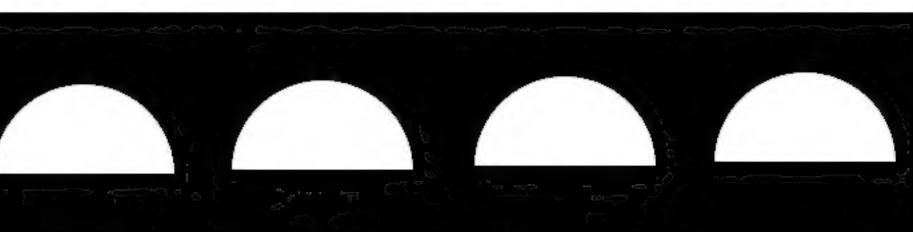
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"to infinity and inward"

R.I.P JOHNNY PESKY

John Michael "Johnny" Pesky (born John Michael Paveskovich; September 27, 1919 – August 13, 2012), nicknamed "The Needle", was an American professional baseball player, manager and coach. He was a shortstop and third baseman during a ten-year Major League playing career, appearing in 1,270 games played in 1942 and from 1946-1954 for three different teams. He is most often associated with the Red Sox, who he served in some capacity for 61 years. The right field foul pole at Fenway Park is named "Pesky's Pole" in his honor. It's a line in the sky, a line between perfect and nothing. It's a ray that intersects latitude 42° 20′ 46.539″ longitude -71° 5′ 47.979″, starting at a few feet above ground level and continuing to appreciable infinity.

Pesky was valued and admired as a coach, manager, and local figure. As a player he led the American League in base hits for his first three seasons, and led the league in sacrifice bunts in 1942. These acheivements notwithstanding, his legacy as a solid player is marred by a single hesitation, in a routine relay throw in the bottom of the 8th inning of game 7 of the 1946 World Series. Why did Pesky (playing shortstop) hold the ball, waiting to throw to home base and allowing runner Enos Slaughter to win the game for the Cardinals? No one can say. Was it the Curse of the Bambino, which kept the Sox from winning a pennant for 86 years? No one can say. Pesky: "In my heart I know I did not hold that ball".

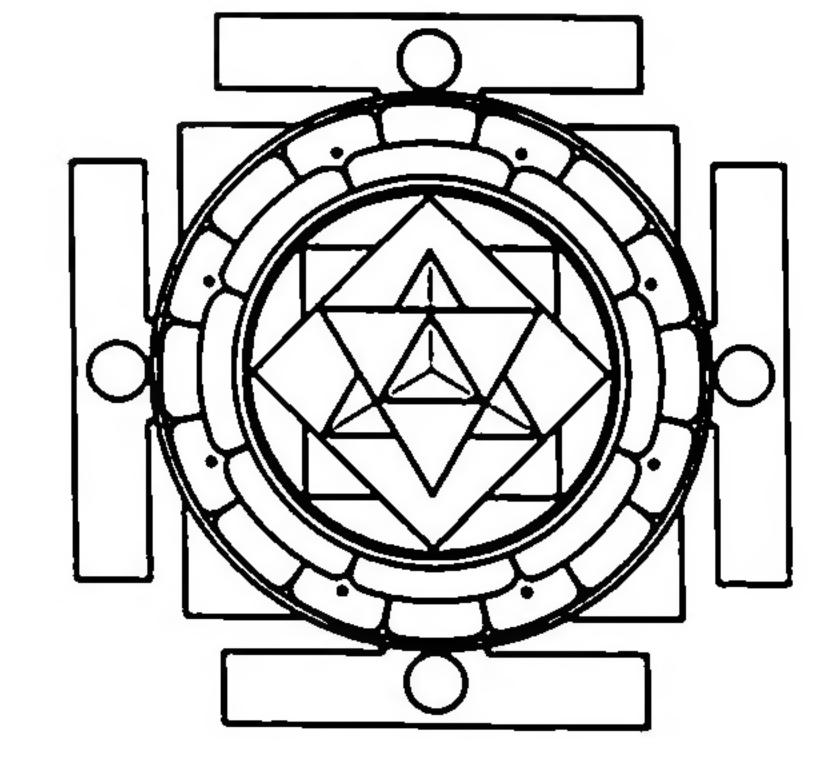
It's easy to love a sports team that wins all the time, and it's callous to root for a team that you truly believe will lose. From 1919 to 2004, the Red Sox were the absolute best team to be a fan of-they almost always *could* win, they frequently came close, but they never spoiled it- they always kept the desire in play. They walked a line in the sky, inbetween perfect and nothing.

In 2008 the Red Sox retired his number, which was 6. In doing this, this Sox broke their own rule about whose number could get retired- officially you have to have played or worked for the Sox for 10 years (which Pesky did), and be in the Baseball Hall Of Fame (which Pesky wasn't). Why was his number retired? Most likely it was because he was a good guy, a good nice guy to have around. Possibly it was because to retire Pesky's #6, it also sideways honored / got rid of another famous Red Sox that wore #6, and also did his part to keep the dream alive- of course I'm talking about Bill Buckner, who wore #6 from 1984 to 1987.

6 - it looks like a drop of water. It looks like a line radiating from a spinning body.

R.I.P. JOHNNY PESKY aka "MR RED SOX"





LIFE

TIPS & TRICKS! A NEW WAY TO TIE THINGS UP WITH RUBBER BANDS

Whoa!!! I bet you thought this day would never come-that'd you wrap things up with rubber bands in the style you are accustommed to until the end of time. Well forget that because there's a new way, that's better (for some applications).

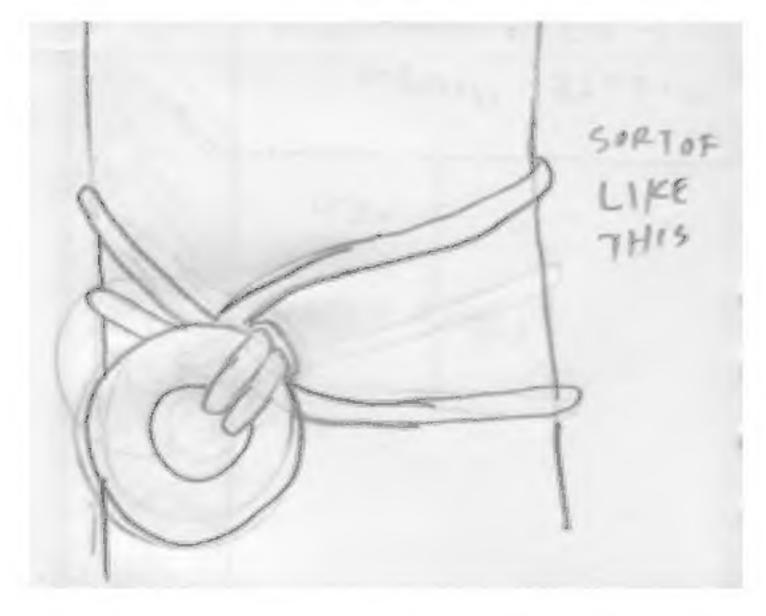
This is what you do-

Take your rubber band and put it though a regular metal washer, like this:

LIKE

Then put the band around the washer and pull it tight, so it's like this:

Then when you want to tie something up in a rubber band, rather than put it through the rubber band (the way you've always done), wrap the band around it like the band was a piece of rope or wire. Wrap it around enough times so it's tight, then put the end of the band around the washer, like this:



The tension should just hold it there. Then when you want to unto it, it isn't a big production, just pull the loop back from around the washer. Easy! Also you can use the washer to hang whatever it is from a little nail or something, if you want to. Great. Just great.

You might not have a bunch of washers hanging around but you know what, go out and get some, they are nice to have around, to sew or safety pin on to clothing in lieu of punk studs, or to just have in a bowl on the table. If you don't have a bunch of rubber bands around, that's because either you live with a child or you don't eat enough fresh vegetables. Eat more vegetables!

SOURCE WALL

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15

SOURCE WALL is a randomly generated table of letters for use as a navigable matrix by the active reader in the creation of ciphers, codes, and, passwords, and/or as simple linguistic noise to aid in the creation of new words, names, and concepts. For disbelievers in astrology who see the benefit of being guided by a truly andom block of text assigned to a specific time period, SOURCE WALL may prove especially useful.

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FOR POSTERITY:

Instead of naming this method after this newspaper, i would rather people call this method of using a rubber band "the Kakua Method", after 12th century zen master Kakua, who said:

Forgetting mind, its complications, My hand is free. The All appears. I use devices, simultaneously. Look—a halo penetrates the Void.





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


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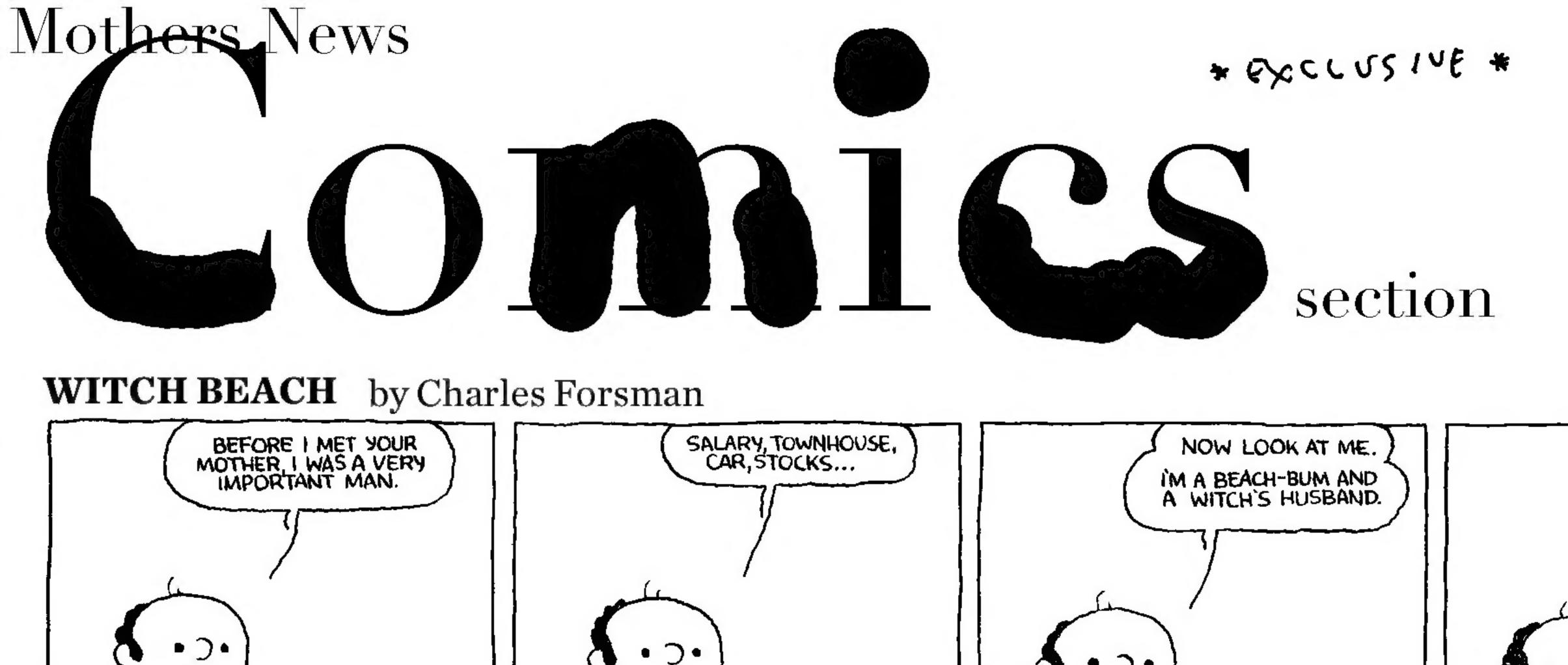


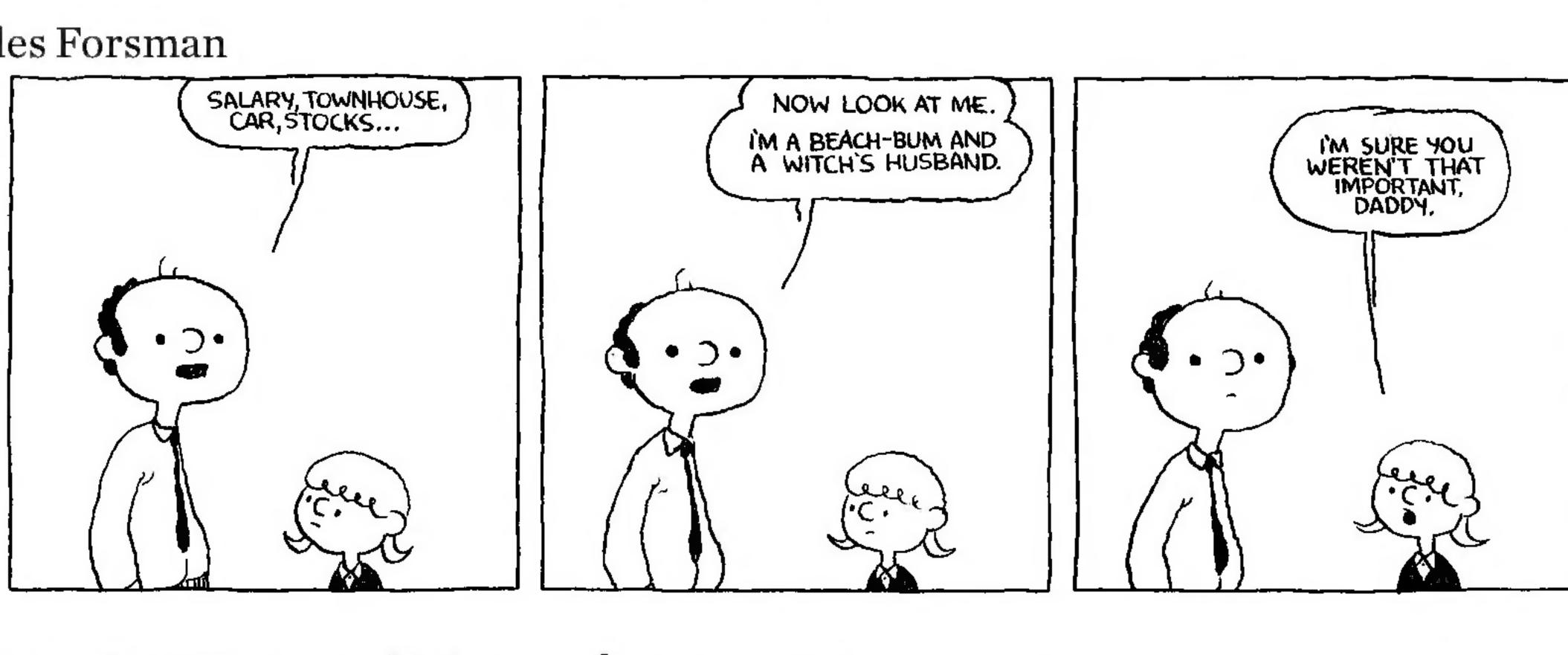
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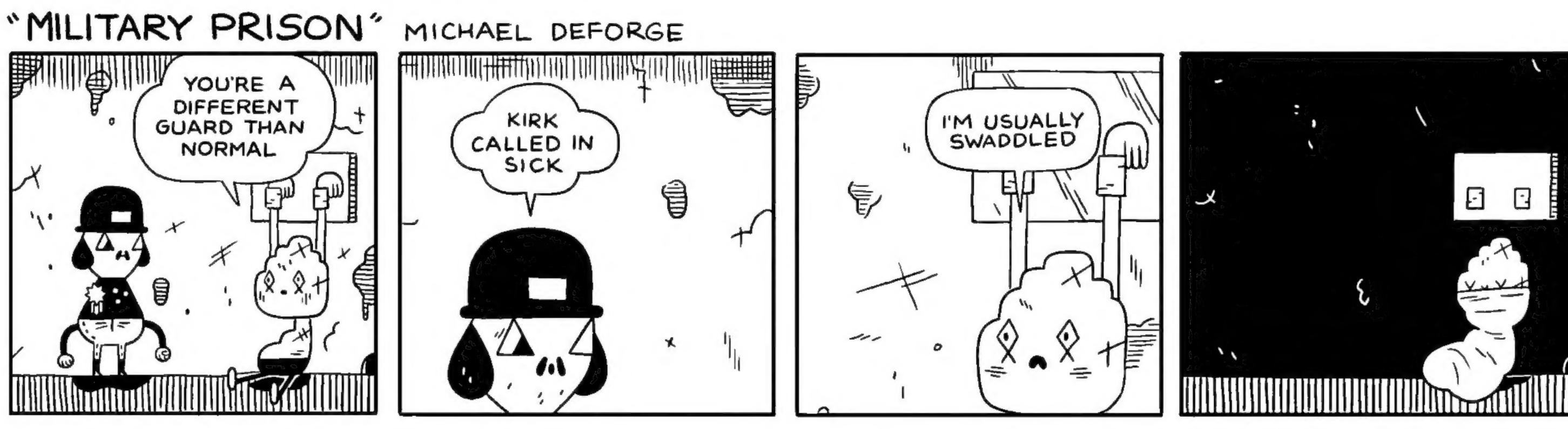




KIP













THIS IS THE CHICKEN WHO LAID THE EGG WHICH WAS USED ON THE NEWS AS AN INDICATOR OF HOW HOT THE SIDEWALK WOULD GET THAT DAY: "HOT ENOUGH TO FRY AN EGG ON THE SIDEWALK."

THÉÂTRE DE CARTON presents VIVA LAS VEGAS

by Charlotte DeSedouy



THE SAINT by Kate Schapira

burning hand.

While he walked all the follows him around, heavy people in the room stared and blue—he is often at him to see if he was in depicted with a blue cast. any pain. They sniffed to see if they could smell

THE AMAZING HOPPING BOY The sign of his struggle

In the presence of saints everything has significance, the strawberry he's seen dropping, his confiding air, his head just below the level of what he's told. Like his knees are waxed he darts to cover in a wilderness of other boys and pictures of boys.



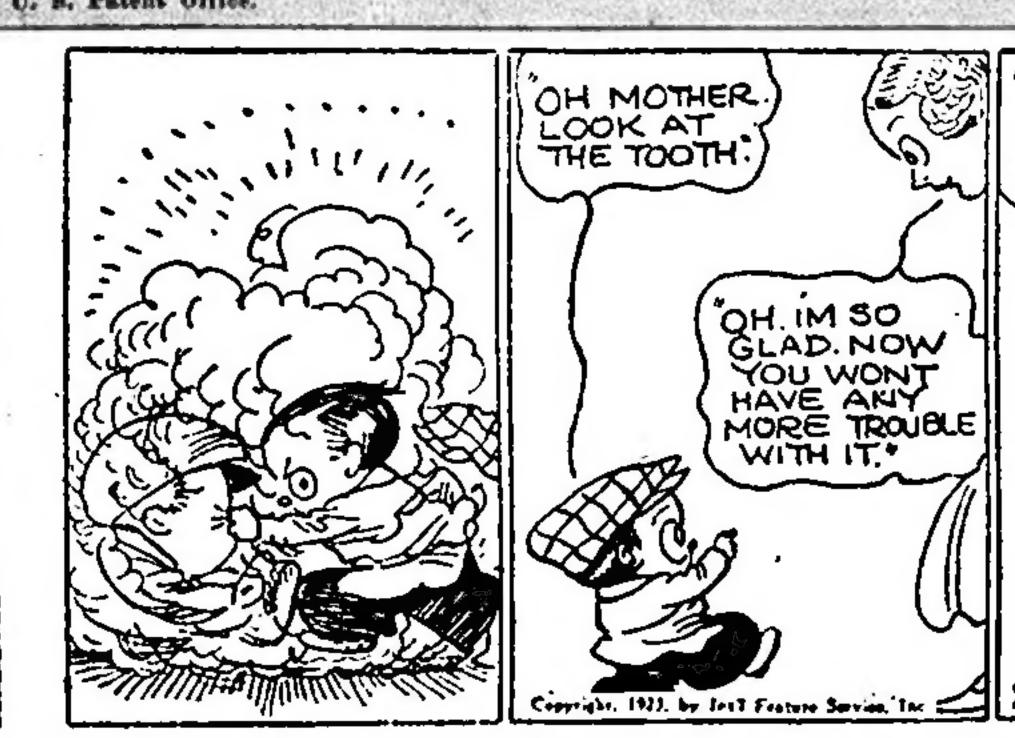
Tw. 664

By Swinnerton

BUT. THIS IS

FELLERS'





NEW CHARACTER



God of Fire Jaydrian Flores

HEIGHT: 6 foot 10 WEIGHT: 50 pounds

HOMEBASE: Atlantic Ocean POWERS: Regenerate, fly, controls

fire, can turn invisible, control animals and fire

WEAKNESS: Diamonds WANTS: Destroy armies

FEARS: No fears PRECIOUS Time Shard

OBJECTS: JOB: Builder

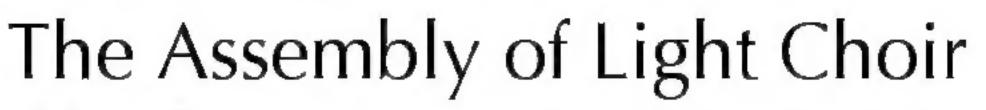
FRIENDS: Flying snakes ENEMIES: SWAT

comicsconsortium.blogspot.com

Old character







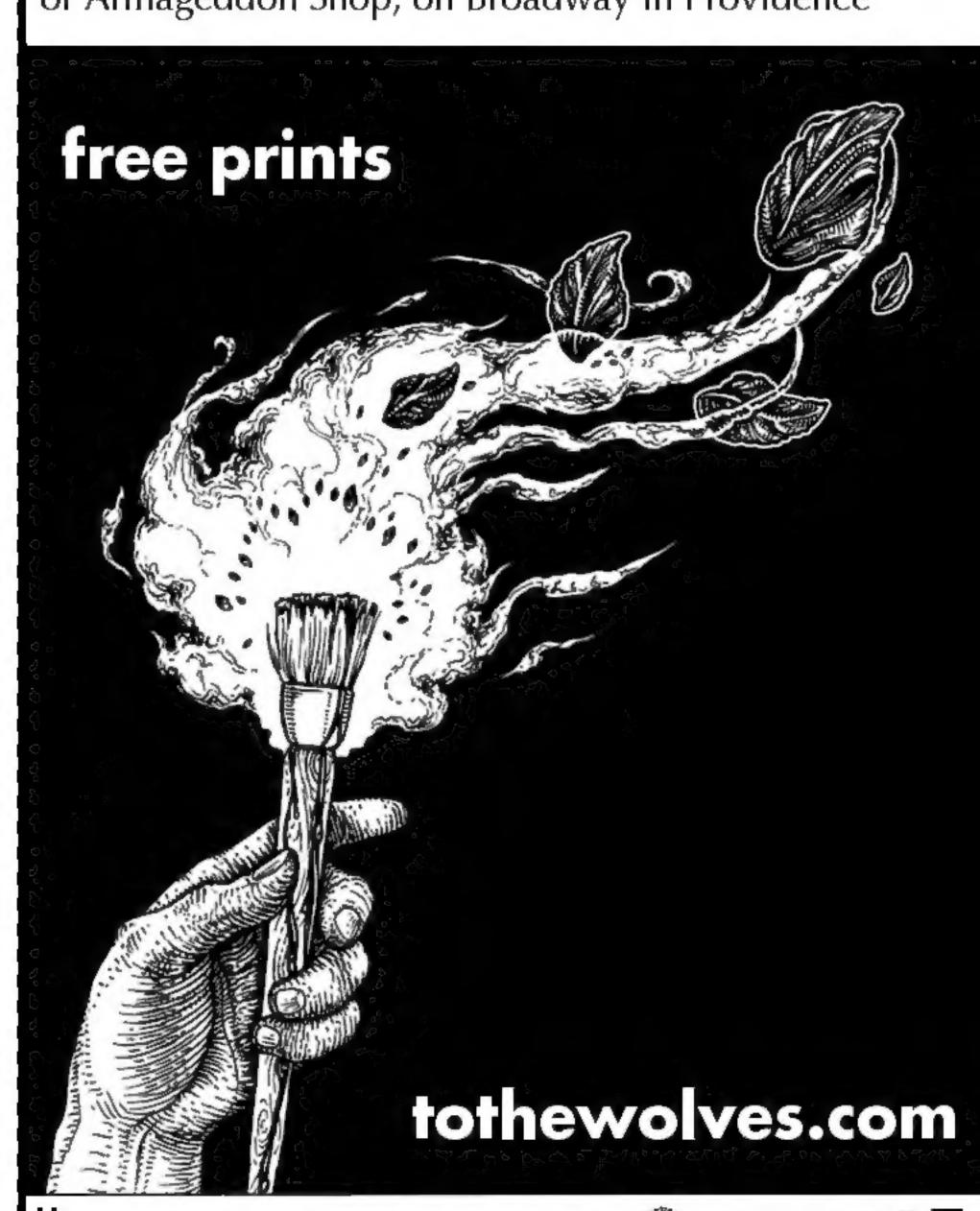
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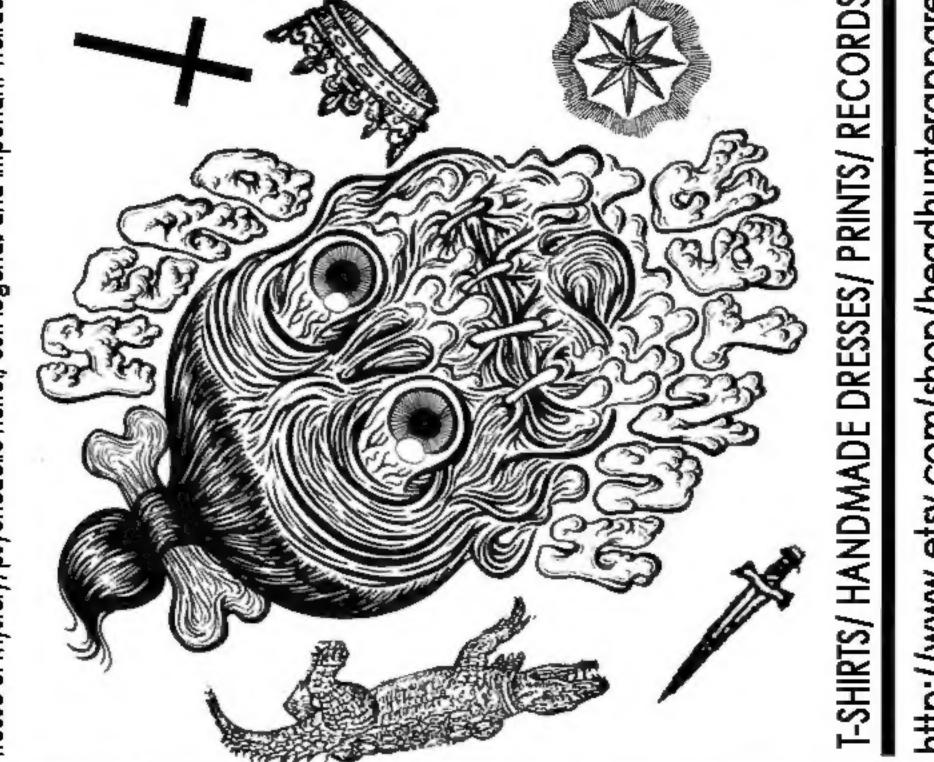
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R.I.P NEIL ARMSTRONG



SHOUTOUTS

dave foland / @supadoo for writing pizzula, the extra-cheesy supreme tale of pizza dracula

TO NIK PERRY thanks for the pens! have fun in VT!!! - jacob

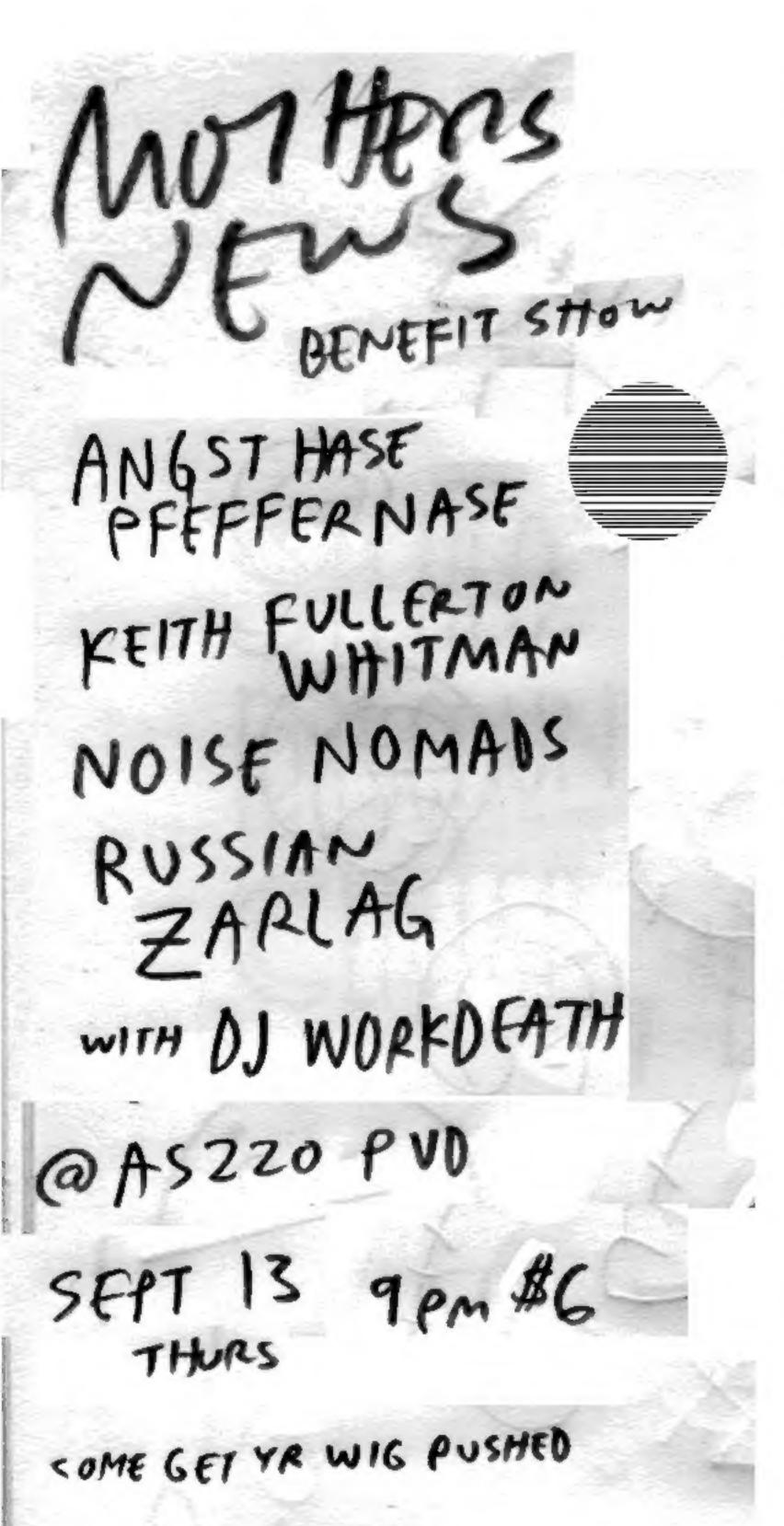
Shaina Hoffman: You are having a life rhyme. You are reading your name in the news. XO C.R.M.

to Dan Warsaw get well soon! sincerely #1 Funeral Cone fan

shoutout to CPAS TERN AK with fondness and respect from the Mother

KEVIN DRISCOLL - Happy BDay//"SITTING LIKE A BRO IN MMXII." Love, _Cooper

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SCENE REPORT: SUKHBAATAR SQUARE

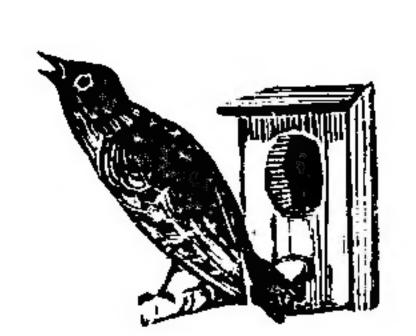
by Matt Zaccarino

Sukhbaatar Square is in the middle of Mongolia's capital city, Ulaanbaatar (Mongolian for "Red Hero"). During the day its a huge empty space, grey rectangular stones laid out in repeating squares that multiply out into a sort of larger-than-life chess board. People loiter or scurry across under the sun, which is merciless in the summertime. On the north side of the square, in the shade of the parliament building, is a huge statue of Ghengis Khan. GK is adored by Mongolians and this statue is guarded 24/7 by grumpy looking soldiers that march back and forth on the steps of the building. Facing him in the center of the square is a statue of the man for whom the square is named. Sukhbaatar is sort of like a Mongolian George Washington; he won independence for Mongolia in 1921 defeating first a White Russian baron named Roman Von Ungern-Sternberg and then beating back the Chinese. Von Ungern-Strenberg was a bloodthirsty psycho who thought he was the reincarnation of Ghengis Khan and planned to use an army of Mongolians to defeat the Soviets and give Russia back to the Tsar. Sukhbaatar was a Mongolian nationalist who became a communist in exchange for some Soviet back-up in his struggles against the Chinese. Nowadays Ghengis Khan is infinitely more popular than Sukhbaatar, but the square was built by Soviet Russia which used its influence in Mongolia to, among many other things, outlaw the Great Khan as a way of suppressing Mongolian pride...

Sukhbaatar Square on a summer afternoon is surreal (because of its size and flatness) and unpleasant (because of the overpowering sun). At night though it's a whole other story. From dusk until about midnight the people of UB use the square like a big stone park. If you're a parent, bring the kids - rent a Powerwheels or two and then eat ice-cream while the kids buzz around for an hour or so; no need to worry about losing them - you can see everything around you for a quarter mile. If you're young and in love, take your date - rent a tandem bike and take turns scaring the shit out of each other by pedaling around and through the crowd as fast you can. Old folks can be seen sitting on benches and stoically gazing around them, likely reliving a previous Sukhbaatar Square moment (if you are a UB resident it goes without saying that at least some of your life's significant moments were played out here). Lots to do. Lots to look at. Good vibes. The craziest thing though is the robo-rickshaw: a baby-sized rickshaw that is pulled by a 3ft tall robot teddy bear wearing overalls. The thing is janky as hell and scary to watch in action - picture a frantically goosestepping toddler-sized bear pulling a dented wagon type thing with real live human baby bouncing around in it. The kids who ride around in these look like they have no clue what's going on, while their parents have to chase after them and steer by pushing the bear on the sides of its head. It's a cool bit to focus in on for a few seconds, but the real trip is in pulling back and trying to take in the big picture.

More than any other place I've been (not very many, to be honest), UB and the people who live there seem to reflect layers of history - like the past eight or nine hundred years are all trying to exist in the same present moment. Most Mongolians, about half of whom are nomadic herders, still live in felt tents called gers - these have been the steppe version of shelter since humans quit caves way back in whenever... Fast forward a bunch and you get to old Ghengis - he's still everywhere in UB (in statues, on the money, and just about everything bears his name; visitors arriving by plane land at Chingiss Khaan International Airport) and serves to remind Mongolians that their country wasn't always synonymous with 'nowhere'; in fact, Mongolians used to run the show and there was a time when this place was the center of the world... Another jump forward will bring you to the communist era - UB as it stands right now was built by the Soviets in the first half of the last century and most of its buildings are prime examples of communist architecture: huge, pastel colored apartment blocks, government buildings that look like wedding cakes. The communist era didn't end very long ago and old folks wearing boots and traditional robes covered in communist merit badges are still common sights on the square at night. The transition to democracy in 1992 was more or less an economic disaster- the country went from total socialism to 100% free market capitalism almost overnight, which blew most people's minds and collapsed the economy in one fell swoop. The fallout can be seen almost everywhere in the form of alcoholics reeling in the street, corruption in the corridors of power, and poisonous (and hugely profitable) mining operations throughout the countryside.

Like lots of unlucky spots in the world, time and history in Mongolia move with speed and violence: GK claimed the lives of millions, subjugated millions more, and made Mongolia the capital of the world; communists in the last century employed Stalin-style purges and murdered ?% of the Mongolian population and further established outer Mongolia as outer space on earth; western-style capitalism hasn't been much kinder and has brought with it widespread poverty that isn't as deadly as a gulag but is hardly less restrictive... I don't know though, that last bit about the gulag is probably too harsh. Hanging out at Sukhbaatar Square in the evening it's easy to stop bumming out on the past and the present and just do like everyone else take in the night air, relax, and enjoy the people around you.





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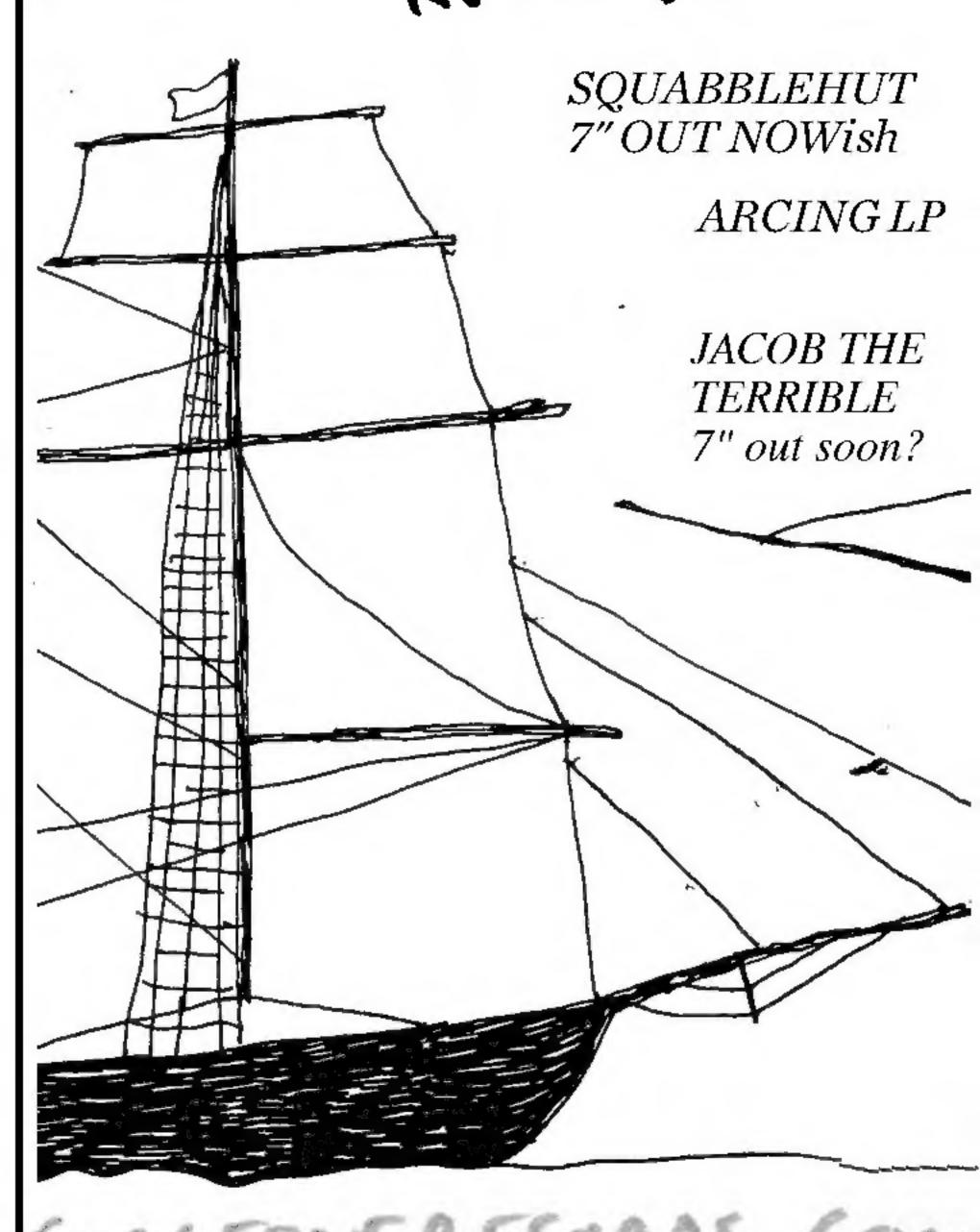
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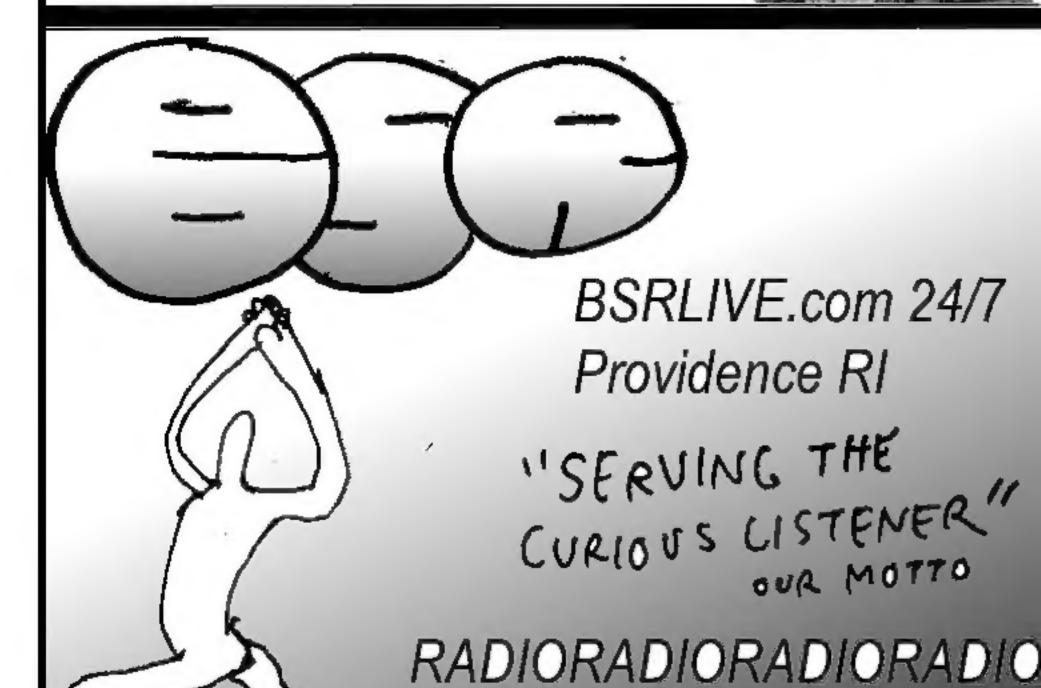
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